



Calliope

Volume 41 *It's A Duet, Why Are You Solo?*

Article 8

5-1-2011

The Sound of Time Passing

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Recommended Citation

Eckerson, Allison (2011) "The Sound of Time Passing," *Calliope*: Vol. 41 , Article 8.
Available at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol41/iss1/8>

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The Sound of Time Passing || **ALLISON ECKERSON**

It's that noise planes and helicopters make
When you're sitting outside on the porch
Sipping lemonade on a warm summer day,
That whooshing made by jump ropes
Swinging fast
Above your head
Then below your feet
Above
Then below.

It's when you're lying in your bed
With all the covers off
Cause it's so darn hot,
It's that buzzing in the back of your mind
That you never can figure out.

It's that song stuck in your head,
The music you keep hearing
That isn't really there,
Those remembered conversations,
And those that never really happened
But you remember them just the same.

It's that sound of foot steps
That you never notice
Until they're gone,
The noise the car keys make,
Your dog's collar
When he runs.

It's the tapping of fingers
On the kitchen table
The rolling of eyes
The grinding teeth
It's the rhythm of breath
The beating of a heart.